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The PHONOGRAM

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SIXTH NUMBER

OCTOBER 1900

CAMPAIGN SONGS AND SPEECHES

REGULAR	EDISON RECORDS	CONCERT
7598	Democratic Campaign Song *to the air of "Marching through Georgia"* Dudley	B 497
7606	I wonder if he's waiting, *song* - Denny	B 498
7608	The Blue and the Gray *Republican Campaign Song* - - - - Collins	B 499
7611	Bryan's Speech of Acceptance, *Speech* -	B 500
7612	Roosevelt's Speech *to Labor* - - -	B 501
7619	One good term deserves another *Parody on Blue and the Gray, song* - Quinn	B 502
7620	McKinley's Letter of Acceptance - -	B 503
7621	Bryan's Speech *to Labor* - - -	B 504
7622	You can't keep McKinley from the Chair - *Republican Campaign song* - Collins	B 505
7623	We Stand by McKinley *Republican Campaign song* - - - Dudley	B 506
7624	Republican Campaign Shout, Ed. Quartette	B 507

¶ We also have made the same titles as above in Edison Concert Records. The numbers *on the right* are *Concert* numbers.

The PHONOGRAM

SUBSCRIPTION THIRTY CENTS A YEAR
SINGLE NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS

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¶ A dainty birthday gift or holiday present would be *We Sat Apart* by Eugene Lee; a charming little love poem, quaintly conceived, and written in a manner that will appeal to all —especially lovers. It is choicely printed on hand made deckle edge paper, and is bound in old style wrappers. Price, postpaid, Fifty cents.
AUGUSTE GIRALDI, *No. 139 Fifth Avenue*
NEW YORK CITY

NEW EDISON RECORDS

7541 How about you Mr. Iceman? *Song* Quinn
7557 Old Father Time " Hooley
7558 When we were Married *Duet*
Miss Spencer & H. MacDonough
7559 Life's dream is o'er *Duet* " "
7560 Home to our Mountains *Duet from Il Trovatore* Miss Spencer & H. MacDonough
7561 A Coon Band Contest *Banjo Solo* Ossman
7562 I'd still believe you true *Sentimental song* Natus
7563 Rock of Ages Chimes
7564 The Green above the Red *Sentimental song* Natus
7565 Vaudeville Specialty (No. 6) "
"You may forget the singer." Impersonating Emmet, Scanlan and J. W. Kelley.
7566 Stay in you own back-yard *Song* May Kelso
7567 My Lady Lu Quartette
7568 Medley of College Songs "
7569 To call her mine *Sentimental song* Harlan
7570 The Blue and the Gray Edison Band
7571 The one you loved, you love now *Sentimental song* MacDonough
7572 Lam' Lam' Lam' *Coon song* Collins
7573 Einstein at a prize fight *Hebrew dialect* Steele
7574 Gems from Opera "Faust" *Violin* D'Almaine
7575 Old Folks at home *Sentimental song* Dudley
"The immortal Suanee River"
7576 Salome *Oriental Intermezzo* Peerless Orchestra
7577 Adoration Waltz "
7578 Shultz dines at Delmonico's *Talking* Kennedy
7579 London Bridge *Sentimental song* Madeira
7580 Every race has a Flag but the Coon Collins
7581 Vesper Service Quartette
The Church bells are heard pealing out "Nearer My God to Thee." The Choir sings the evening hymn "Abide with Me," closing with the Doxology. As the people come out, the chimes again ring.
7582 Such doings *Comic song* Denny

NEW EDISON RECORDS—*Concluded*

7583	Holding hands "	Favor
7584	Vaudeville Specialty (No. 7) Comic Irish dialogue and comic song	"
7585	Little Black Me *Sentimental song*	Natus
7586	The Blue and the Gray " "	"
7587	A Bird in a Gilded Cage " "	"

NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS

B 470	Court of Honor March	Edison Band
B 471	The Blue and the Gray	"
B 472	On the Levee	"
B 473	Dinah Polka *Zylophone Solo*	Lowe
B 474	Happy days in Dixie "	"
B 475	Pickaninny Polka "	"
B 476	Dancing in the Sunlight "	"
B 477	Over the Waves Waltz *Whistling solo*	Belmont
B 478	A Bird in a gilded cage *Sentimental song*	Mahoney
B 479	Old, but I'm awfully tough *Comic song*	Stewart
B 480	There aint a word "	"
B 481	The three little owls, and the naughty little mice *Comic song*	"
B 482	Laughing song	Geo. W. Johnson
B 483	Laughing coon	"
B 484	Whistling girl	"
B 485	Whistling coon	"
B 486	Mammy's Carolina Twins	Peerless Orchestra
B 487	Bohemian Life March	"

Solos in French, by M. Del Campo, From Royal Opera Lisbon; Scala, Milano; San Carlo, Napoli; Imperiale, Pietroburgo

B 11070	Air de Vulcain de Philèmon et Bauce *Gounod*
B 11071	Romance du Sommeil—Philèmon et Bauce
B 11072	La Marseillaise
B 11073	O Ma charmante
B 11074	Air de Figaro *from Le Nozze di Figaro, Mozart*
B 11075	Chanson à Boire de Martha
B 11076	Mephisto's Serenade de Faust
B 11077	Air du Cardinal de la Juive
B 11078	La Sérénade de Schubert

I

I is for INTERVIEW;
With a *talking machine*
Recording it all
Just back of the screen.

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A NOVEL INTERVIEW.

By Mr. Openeer.

I called on my friend Colonel Kilo-Watt the other morning, and found him in a jolly good humor. His real name is K. L. Watt, but he is such a storehouse of energy that all his friends call him Kilo-Watt, out of respect for his untiring horsepower capacity for work.

Here's the story he shot off in explanation of his glee. "It's a good one, Openeer," said he "and I have you to thank for making me a Phonograph enthusiast. You see my stenographer was called away suddenly just after lunch yesterday, and before I could get hold of another one in walks my office boy announcing, George Potkins. Potkins! by all that's holy! the very man whose talk I wanted to take verbatim. 'Tell him I'm busy—come to-morrow.' No use. Boy came back; Potkins must see me to-day. Instantly I thought it all out. I went to the door and sung out 'I can give you just exactly three minutes Potkins—I'll be ready for you in a moment;' and I put my hand up to my ear as if I was deaf, to catch his answer. 'All right Colonel' said he 'I'll boil it down.' 'Huh?' said I 'you'll go down-town?' 'No! no!' he shouted in my ear 'I'll boil it down—make it short—I'm in a hurry myself.'

Now it happened my friend Murray had just returned my Phonograph that morning. He had borrowed it about a week ago to take out home to entertain friends, and we had played over some of the records he had made with a new extra sensitive Fletcher diaphragm with which my machine was equipped. There it stood on the table; it was the work of but half a moment to wind it up to its

fullest capacity, adjust a new blank and slow down the speed. Then I squared the screen and calling 'come in' started the Phonograph going.

'I'm getting old and deaf, Potkins' said I 'you must talk pretty loud, and fast too, for I've a train to make in eight minutes.' All this with my hand up to my ear. He fell in like a fly in a molasses jug, and yelled at me like an Indian. I stopped him for ten seconds while I closed the windows, for he did make an awful noise, and his talk was supposed to be most confidential. It's funny how you lose all reserve when you're talking to a deaf man. Well, Potkins certainly did; and he turned himself inside out before the three minutes were up, and I had all I wanted to know in better style even than if my stenographer had been there; for ten to one he wouldn't have talked so freely if a third party had been present.

Well the minute he was gone I locked the door and did a war dance. Then I put a reproducer on instead of the recorder and started her up. Then I did another war dance. Say Openeer if you want to hear something slick, come around to my house to-night and listen to that Potkins record. Why it's a peach. You can hear it pretty distinctly even with a horn, and when you put on the tubes it's plainer than the plainest. That's the time I caught old Potkins.

"Kilo-Watt," said I, "of a truth thou didst;" and now whenever I meet him I ask if his hearing has improved.

J

J is for Jerry
Struck dumb with surprise
He is looking for Kitty
See his tail and his eyes.

JER-RY

An *Easy One* in plain words for the Children.

See the pic-ture of the cat on page one sixty-eight. His name is Jer-ry. He is a mix-ed drink. Why? Lis-ten, lit-tle ones, and I will tell you. Jer-ry is a he-cat. A he-cat is most al-ways call-ed a Tom. But the name of this cat is Jer-ry. So you see it is a Tom-and-Jer-ry. Ha-ha! When you are old-er you will catch on quick-er. Jer-ry has just spi-ed a Pho-no-graph. It is play-ing a vi-o-lin rec-ord, and he thinks it is Kit-ty call-ing to him. See his tail. It is a sure sign. See his eyes and his arch-ed back. He don't know just what to think. Some vi-o-lins sound nice-ly on a Pho-no-graph, like-wise some cats sing ver-y dole-ful-ly. I don't know which it is in this case. Look out Jer-ry. If you are not care-ful, a boot-jack or a soap-dish will plunk you in the slats and you will lose your in-ter-est in talk-ing ma-chines.

MR. SIMPKINS' SNORING RECORD.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins, being quite up to date people in every respect, possessed, among other fin-de-siecle contrivances, a Phonograph and an automobile. When they took their morning spin in the Park, with Simpkins at the lever, skilfully guiding his infernal machine in and out among the plebeian pedestrians, and gliding smoothly past those benighted individuals who still drive four-footed beasts of various kinds and degrees, Simpkins was pointed out as "one of our progressive citizens," and the pride and satisfaction which swelled the breast of Mrs. S. knew no bounds.

In enumerating the list of their possessions, however, we must not omit one which had for years proven the bane of Mrs. Simpkins' existence. Mr. Simpkins was the more or less proud possessor of a snore, which for resonance, intensity and variety of expression, caused all other snores in that part of town to shrink into insignificance. It would be far from exaggeration to say that Mr. Simpkins could safely be rated as a past grand master in the art of nasal gymnastics.

As has been said, this snore was the bane of Mrs. Simpkins' existence. To put it plainly, it kept her awake nights. If she did not manage to fall asleep before Mr. Simpkins got fairly started, she could prepare for a night of wakefulness, for sleep was out of the question with the thunderous echoes of Mr. Simpkins' snore reverberating through their apartments.

Strange to say Mr. Simpkins always strenuously denied that he snored at all. This, however, is a peculiar weakness of human nature, and a characteristic that is often met

with—for the proprietor of a snore to persist in denying the proprietorship. It was a matter of common occurrence for Mr. Simpkins to arise from the breakfast table of a morning, in a highly offended state of mind, grab his hat, and depart for his office in a rage, slamming the door behind him until the chandeliers in the hallway jingled again—should his wife so much as venture to intimate that he had disturbed her the night before. How a man who, like Mr. Simpkins, could lie on his back with his eyes tightly closed and emit roar after roar, which rattled the windows in their casements, threatened to shake the pictures down from the walls, and was sufficient to keep a night watchman awake (to say nothing of Mrs. Simpkins), without waking himself in the meantime, was a problem which his long suffering wife could never satisfactorily solve.

However, to proceed with the story. One night recently Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins upon returning from a ball at a rather late, or perhaps we should say, at a rather early hour in the morning, immediately retired, for the purpose of securing such rest as could be obtained in the few hours which would elapse before breakfast time; and as Mrs. Simpkins expected to go to the depot to meet some friends who were to arrive by the 9.30 train that morning, she was of course anxious to obtain, if possible, a short period of undisturbed rest. Judge, therefore, of her dismay, when the first preliminary gurgles from Mr. Simpkins smote upon her ear, followed a moment later by a terrific snort which nearly upset her equilibrium for good and all. It was plain Mr. Simpkins was settling down for the effort of his life; and Mrs. Simpkins' suspicions

in this direction were but too soon verified by the succession of terrific sounds which soon shook the room. She tried vainly, at first, to shake him into comparative quietude for a moment, hoping to get to sleep herself in the interval which would ensue while he was recovering his breath; but the intervals were too short. Upon receiving a jolting sufficient to loosen the ribs of an ordinary man, an expression of placid surprise would flit across Mr. Simpkins' cherubic countenance, after which his lower jaw would slowly settle down to an angle of about forty-five degrees and Mrs. Simpkins' troubles would begin anew.

She did not try to recite all she remembered of "Thanatopsis," say the multiplication table backwards, or any other such foolishness. Such mild remedies would have been of no avail in this case. Any one who could remember the multiplication table well enough to say it forwards, in the face of such a tempest of sound, would have been regarded by Mrs. Simpkins as a mental freak whose proper place was in a museum.

After enduring her martyrdom with stoical fortitude for half an hour or so on this particular night, an unusually prolonged snore, sounding something like a cross between an Indian war-whoop and a buzz saw which needed greasing, literally lifted the suffering Mrs. Simpkins in a sitting posture, whence she sat and regarded her unconscious spouse with a glare which would have caused any one but that hardened sinner to have very bad dreams indeed. As she sat there and glared at the offender (as if that would do any good), there suddenly came into her mind an idea so fiendish, so malignant, so utterly atrocious, as would have done credit to the invention of the most savage red

man who ever donned war paint or lifted a scalp with his tomahawk. That such a thought should have occured to as gentle and forbearing a little woman as Mrs. Simpkins had always been, has invariably remained a matter of wonder and surprise among those who have been let into the secret; but to take a charitable view of what happened, we we are inclined to excuse her, on the ground of extreme provocation.

Arising from the bed and turning up the gas, Mrs. Simpkins crossed over to the closet at the other end of the room, where reposed the Phonograph, which she deliberately brought out—placing it upon a table near by, after which, she busied herself with some mysterious preparations. When these werc completed, and a small tin horn placed in position upon the receiving attachment, she took the machine into the next room. where she started it to going, and then, in a loud voice, announced into the horn, "Snoring Solo, rendered by Mr. Simpkins at three o'clock in the morning for the edification and amusement of his wife." She did not hesitate to make her announcement as emphatic as need be, reflecting bitterly, as she did so, that no amount of noise she might make was likely to disturb the slumbering Mr. Simpkins.

After completing this part of the program; she stopped the machine, and returning to the other room, placed the instrument of vengeance upon a tabourette close to the side of the bed, in a position from whence the horn projected upward to a point but a few inches from Mr. Simpkins' rather prominent nasal appendage.

That unconscious gentleman was by this time lying on his left side, near the edge of the bed, and sending forth a

noise which somewhat resembled a planing mill in full blast.

With a final malignant glance in his direction, this female nemesis again started the machine, after which she stood with folded arms and grimly contemplated the scene. For the next two or three minutes Mr. Simpkins did himself proud. If he had been snoring for the record he would have distanced all competitors. In the meantime, the busy little machine buzzed merrily along, keeping right with him all the time, recording faithfully every individual snore and group of snores—as Mrs. Simpkins could see, by the thin trail of shavings which fell from the recording point as it cut along over the wax cylinder.

As Mr. Simpkins emitted a final snort of such blood-curdling intensity that the cat came in from the other room with an inquiring look on her face, Mrs. Simpkins shut off the machine and carefully removed the cylinder from its receptacle. As she lightly brushed away the fine wax dust which remained, she noted with satisfaction the clean cut indentations on its surface; and while busying herself with cleaning off the machine so that not a trace remained of her night's work, and putting it away in the closet again, the expression on her countenance gradually changed to one of quiet and ineffable satisfaction.

It was now nearly daylight, and Mr. Simpkins finally quieted down into a monotonous gurgle, as the dawn approached, while his artful and designing wife fell at last into a sweet and dreamless slumber.

After breakfast that morning, Mr. Simpkins departed for his office, at peace with all the world, while Mrs. Simpkins, tired but happy, went to the depot to meet her friends (who were, by the way, comparative strangers to

her husband). After a morning spent in delightful chat, and reminiscences of old school days, followed by a delicious little luncheon, and an afternoon spin in the Park, she felt comparatively refreshed, and ready for the climax to her artfully contrived revenge.

That evening, in response to a call for the Phonograph, Mr. Simpkins produced the machine with a grand flourish; and, after attaching the large reproducing horn and bringing forth some of his pet records, the performance began. After treating them to one or two band records, he finally opened a box, supposed to contain a tenor song of which he was particularly fond, but into which his wife had surreptitiously inserted the snoring record. Calling attention of the assembled company to the musical treat they were now about to enjoy, he adjusted the record in its place and started the machine. As he turned around towards his auditors, with the bland and smiling countenance he usually wore when exhibiting the Phonograph, there broke upon the expectant silence the announcement, in a strong, clear, female voice, "Snoring Solo, rendered by Mr. Simpkins at three o'clock in the morning", etc., etc! Mr. Simpkins wheeled about and glared at the huge brass horn very much as he would if he had seen an enormous boa-constrictor come crawling out of it, and just then there began to come from within its recesses a series of discordant noises, and gurgles, which once more awoke the echoes in the Simpkins' apartments, and stirred the small but select audience to irrepressible laughter.

That is—all but one. That poor creature, the victim of a cruel and heartless wife's revenge, stood rooted to the spot, listening to the strange, weird sounds which came

from the uncanny instrument before him, with a look of slow comprehension dawning over his surprised and dazed features. Yes, the Phonograph was unmistakably snoring, and snoring like a good fellow! As he realized fully the exact nature of the plot of which he was the victim, he turned and cast what he intended to be a withering look, in the direction of his wife, but it didn't go. The applause with which the snoring solo was received carried everything before it, and Mr. Simpkins realizing that his best plan was to beat an early, though perhaps rather undignified retreat, made an unintelligible excuse and departed, muttering something about "subverting the principles of science to purposes of fraud," or words to that effect.

Late that night, after Mrs. Simpkins was wrapped in peaceful and well earned slumber, a white-robed figure could be seen stealthily searching among the records in the closet. When he had found the one he was in search of and had tested it on the machine as far as the first word or two, to make sure it was the one he wanted, Mr. Simpkins went to the window and hurled the fatal record far into the night—turning away with a sigh of relief, as he heard it smash into fragments against the side of a neighboring house. He then went to bed, but not to snore.

Mrs. Simpkins tells her intimate friends, to whom she has related the story (for it was too good to keep), that ever since that memorable occasion, the minute her husband begins to snore, of nights, the sound he makes thereby immediately arouses him, so fearful has he become of making another "record"; and after a few futile attempts to perform one of his old fashioned solos, with consequent starts into half wakefulness, he will finally fall into a quiet sleep.

O. Nelvil.

SHULTZ HAS AN ATTACK OF NERVOUS ABILITY.

New Hampshear near
Som Hills cloas by.

September de 7 times of de mondt.

Meister Phono Gram

Id gifts me a muchness of pleasure to sendt you a liddle wroting, you vill maype a surpriseness pe, to find I'm in de coundry oud, bud ladely I haf bean a liddle de vedder underneath, und my Physicen say I haf nervous ability gotten, und my lifer is nod vorking. Id haf bean oud of a job for somedimes, so he sedt, Shultz go py de coundry, I readed in de paber a prinding vich sedt, coundry Bordt fife dollars de veek by, blendy fresh milch und wegatables, nod a single muskeater, Liberty cottage, doand wrote bud coom, only 10 minutes from de de-pot, so I got on de train und com hear, ven I got de train off, I sedt to a man's vere is dot liberty cottage, he sedt, follow dot rodt, id is de first hous on de rite. I left de de-pot ad 6 py de clock, und valked dill 7, bud did nod see any hous on de rite, dere vas houses blenty on de left, den Id started to make a little rainings, I valked dill 9, in de vorst rain dot efer rainded, yust ad 9 I found de hous, in be paber id said 10 minits from de de-pot, Id shoud sedt 10 miles, ven I got in, de man vas glad to see me, he sedt I subbose you supper hadt; vell I did de nite pefore, den he sedt, maype you haf a tiredness you can go py de bed, John vill show you de room, he sedt de odder boarders are de lamps using und ve are oud of candles, ve can fix you all rite, so he

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filled a sawsir mit grass, und put a rag in Id und lited de rag, de ve started for my room, ven ve got to de feet of de ladder, John sedt you will find your room at the head of de stairs, Ill holdt de lite, so I started to climb the ladder, ven I got nearly up dey was a rung missing I slipped und fell to de botom, John picked me up, und sedt I must fix dem stairs ven ve are drough haying. Vell I got in my room, no Blace to hang my cloes, so I putted them on de floor, und laid my Blug hat at de feet of de bed, I got in, id was a Korn Huskey bed bud dey forgot to dake de Korn oud, I laid there for a handfull of minits studying astronomy drough de roof, der was 15 minits intermission between efery shingles, I falled asleep, ven I voke up my feed vas sticking de vindow oud, ven I pull dem in I finded 9 chickens roosting on dem, dot make me madt, I got up to dress me und stepped on a lot of chestnut burrs.

FRANK KENNEDY "SHULTZ."

(*To be continued.*)

SISTER'S VOICE FROM CHINA.

A lady in Brockton, Mass., who has a sister engaged in missionary work in Pekin, recently sent her a Phonograph with which to amuse and entertain the natives. In the box were a dozen blank cylinders; and one of these came back the other day with a letter on it. In this manner the Brockton lady can hear her sister's voice, although they are thousands of miles apart and have not seen each other for over seven years.

THE PHONOGRAPH IN THIBET.

A strange scene was recently witnessed at a city in Thibet, which is a stronghold of Mohammedanism in Western China. To this ancient town no European or other man than a follower of Mahomet is supposed to be allowed to penetrate, though as a matter of fact some Europeans have been there—among them the Abbe Huc, in 1846.

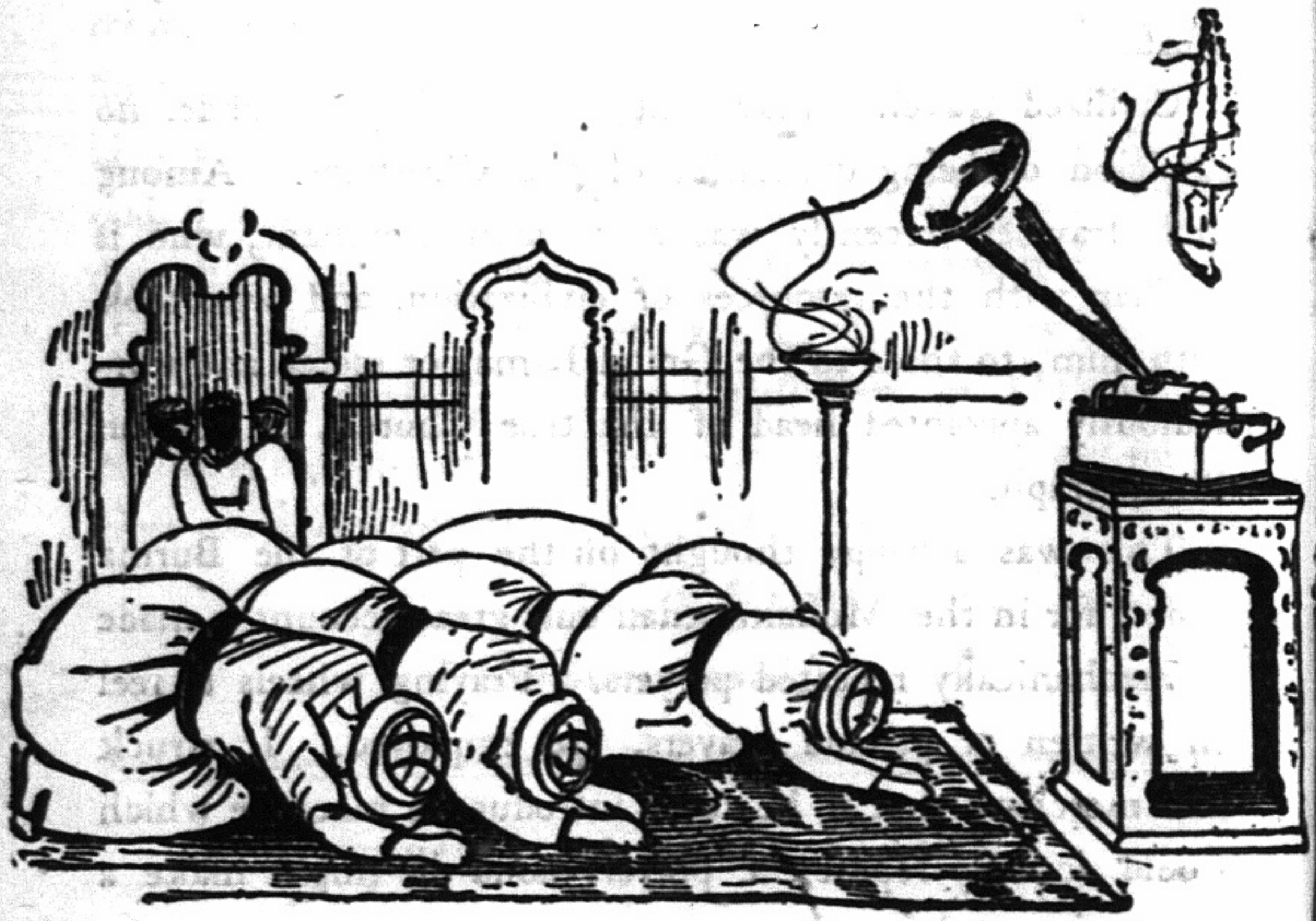
Civilized travelers may visit there if they are under no suspicion of being emissaries of the Christians. Among such travelers recently was a Burman merchant, who is familiar with the resources of civilization, and who took with him, to show to the Grand Lama, or sacred and miraculously appointed head of the true Church, an Edison Phonograph.

This was a happy thought on the part of the Burma trader, for in the Mohammedan cult great account is made of mechanically repeated prayers. Praying wheels to reel off written or printed prayers, are employed. It struck this merchant that if he could introduce a machine which would actually repeat the prayers aloud he might make a fortune in supplying the apparatus.

He succeeded in getting the Dalai Lama and the dignitaries who surround him to inspect the Phonograph, and as he had read into it a chapter of the Koran, he was able to make it repeat this chapter aloud, to the great astonishment of the Grand Lama, who thought he was witnessing a miracle.

The merchant asked the Dalai Lama to speak a prayer into the machine, and he did so, declaiming the beautiful prayer called "Om mani padme hum," or "Jewel in the

K



K stands for Koran
With its prayers long and
loud
Repeated by *Phonograph*
To the worshipping crowd.

lotus." Then the cylinder being put in place, the Phonograph repeated the prayer in the Dalai Lama's voice, to the stupefaction and great edification of all the audience.

For many days thereafter the Phonograph was kept busy with this and other utterances holy. Since it expresses their spirit of devotion it can hardly do them harm, and it may suggest to them that not everything that come from the Christians is necessarily bad. To that extent, it may even be regarded as a missionary.

LETTERS BY PHONOGRAPH.

An entirely new and up-to-date method of sending love messages to the dear ones at the front has been adopted by many prominent ladies of London, among them Mrs. Baden-Powell.

The novel idea was conceived by Colonel Gouraud, an American, who suggested that the Phonograph might be made available for transmitting messages that would be appreciated far more by the boys in khaki than letters. Imagine, he said, the feelings of those same boys when they could hear the well-remembered voice of mother, sister, sweetheart or wife whispering right into their ears.

The idea took like wildfire, and Lord Vivian left for the front a few days ago with a whole load of the phonographic missives. An effecting incident was connected with the sending of Mrs. Baden-Powell's message to her son. She got as far as "Shevie, do you hear your mother's voice?" when she broke down, and it was some time before she could recover sufficiently to complete the record.—from the *Philadelphia Times.*

*THE STORY OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

(*Commenced in May number.*)

CHAPTER III—MORE MODERN HISTORY.

Meanwhile in the world of Physical Science there had happened certain mechanical experiments and discoveries, which may be termed material prophecies, all of which pointed to the birth of the idea. There was Duhamel in the early 1700's with his lamp-blacked revolving cylinder, on which he traced sound curves. Then in 1747, the Rev. J. Creed proposed to make a machine to record extempore piano-forte organ voluntaries. Following up the same idea, Hohlfeld of Berlin working with Euler, the mathematician, constructed in 1752 a crude music recorder called the Melograph. About the same time, another German mechanician, J. F. Unger, was also working on a similar instrument, and he finally proved priority of conception, dating his idea from 1745, even before Creed. Then one Pape of Paris, attracted considerable attention in 1824, with a music recorder; followed by Carreyre, in 1827, with his Melographic piano, in which the music as played was represented by certain signs impressed in a very thin plate of lead. In 1836, Eisenmanger of Paris, took out an English patent for an apparatus to record piano music, using a depressed stylus and carbonized paper. Then followed M. De Tressog of Paris in 1840, and Merzelo, an Italian in 1856, each with apparatus of a similar nature.

All these machines, you will note, had for their object

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the recording only of music, and especially the piano or organ extemporizations. The growth of the perfected piano from the early clavier and clavichord, and the use of these instruments by the great German composers (Bach and Handl in the early 1700's, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, towards the close of the century, Spohr, Chopin Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer and Liszt, in the 1800's), all this musical activity combined, brought with it the desire for an invention to record permanently the improvizations of these great artists and composers. So it is that Art fosters Science.

Following the keynote struck by Duhamel (the restless and fruitless searchings and strivings thus far recorded being but variations of the fundamental) the next note in the grand melody of Progress was sounded by Leon Scott, working with Konig in 1856, with his Phonautograph; recording the graphic traces of vibrations in sinuous scratches upon a smoked surface (useless, you will note particularly, for the purpose of reproduction of sounds).

Then came Fenby with a patent, in 1863; closer and closer, but as yet not practical for an exact recording, and still less so for an exact reproduction of sound. Then came M. Charles Cros in April, 1877 (seven months before the date of the Edison patent, but several months after patent was filed). He deposited with the Academie des Sciences a sealed packet, which was opened at the December sitting of the Academy. It contained a general description of a device similar to the gramophone of to-day, the invention claimed by Berliner of telephone fame, in his patents of 1887-8.

In November, 1877, came the announcement of Mr. Edison that the phonograph was an ACTUALITY. The

culminating point of a generation of vague strivings had been reached. The fanciful foreshadowings of a hundred years had suddenly found fulfillment. The leading strings of centuries of thought converged on the tin foil covered cylinder, which echoed back through Time, triumphantly to Cros, mockingly to Fenby and to Scott, kindly to Duhamel, Creed and Unger, pityingly to Faber, Vaucanson and Roger Bacon, respectfully to de Bergerac and the prophets, and gramercy to Amenophis III, the Memnon maker.

It is wonderful indeed, to contemplate thc events of the century immediately preceding the birthday of the Phonograph. They indicate the strange trend of human invention; how it pointed in a given direction during a given time; how it needed but the presence of the great inventor to bring forth the solid truth, even as from an over-saturated solution there suddenly appears the shining crystal when the exact condition has finally arrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

The Colonel drew a bowie knife.

"I am, however, open to conviction!" the other at once hastened to exclaim.

"Very well, suh. In that case, suh, I won't open you any moah! No suh!" said the Colonel with stately courtesy, and sheathed his cutlery.—From the *Detroit Journal*.

The PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

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The PHONOGRAM, No. 135 Fifth Avenue, New York

Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him

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¶ This month I am a Starling—a Brown Bird. The Starling is a native of almost all parts of the world. June PHONOGRAM found its way to Turkey, Argentine Republic and New Zealand; at least I judge so from replies. I believe therefore that this number of my magazine will vie with the Starling in wide distribution. Does my reader see the significance of these letters addressed to the PHONOGRAM, from the four corners of the Globe? It means just this—the Phonograph has gone before; the Phonograph is to be found in all countries and in all climes; and interest in my magazine means simply that the Phonograph still keeps its charm for the Enthusiast, wherever he may be—Patagonia or Pekin; Klondike, Khartum or Kamchatka; Liverpool, Los Angeles or Lincoln, Neb., or any other remote spot on this Earth.

¶ Each issue of THE PHONOGRAM contains lists of new up-to-date records. Each issue is mailed promptly on the first day of the month in which it is dated. The way to become posted and keep informed in the matter of new records, therefore, is to subscribe (thirty cents a year, if you please) and my Bird will fly each month to you, bearing in its beak a scrit or scroll or screed containing these lists of new records and other gleanings and Phonograph facts.

¶ My Next-month's-bird-color-mystery Guessing Game, as mentioned casually in August number, has resulted in a pile of letters asking for particulars. To all who are awaiting replies, I will say that their questions are fully answered in my Bird Notes for September. I find, however, one important condition was omitted. Here 'tis. The twentieth day of the month is the last day for making a guess

as to the Next-month's-bird-color. Letters postmarked later than the twentieth will be referred to the next-*following*-month's-bird-color.

To the seventeen who were not exact in their selection of color for this month's Bird, I would recite the tale of Robert Bruce, King of Scots, who (in his hours of dark despair after days and days of failure), watching a spider flinging its airy filament nine times without avail, drew inspiration from the successful tenth attempt. So, say I to the seventeen "Try, try again." 'Tis a good phrase to stick in the mind, anyway, whether you make a bird-color-guess or not. The same seventeen I would also refer (by permission) to the following successful Penetrators of the monthly mystery: John Wright, 234 Union St., Hackensack, N.J.; Eugene Lee care A.Giraldi, 139 Fifth Avenue New York. These wrote to me, "Your October Bird will be Brown." As they are already subscribers to THE PHONOGRAM, and also sent me with each guess an additional subscription (with thirty cents accompanying same), they are eligible to the *Order of the Phonogram*; and when they have further complied with the conditions, by sending me an acceptable Phonograph Theme of 299 words (no more) they will receive a Prize, consisting of a Decoration and a Certificate of Membership in the ORDER. This Prize is a Reward of Merit for the Theme of two hundred and ninety-nine words (no more). Every Certificate of the ORDER is registered, and is printed in purple, black and gold on fine vellum. The Decoration is a badge of the ORDER—a bird of such color as my jeweler may elect (bearing in its beak a white scrit or scroll) superposed, with a large black S on a golden bush.

¶ The *Order of the Phonogram* is a Society for the Mutual Good and Theoretical Advantage of all Talking Machine Owners. We who are in it from the start are all lovers of the Phonograph. It has no rules or by-laws; they will come later. Its Purposes are Fellowship, the Interchange of Ideas and the Widening of the Scope and Field of the Phonograph and Kindred Devices.

The PHONOGRAM is the official handbook of the ORDER.

Would be Eligibles may become such in fact by following the suggestions in the notes of September PHONOGRAM, and an Eligible saves himself from remaining a Detrimental by the care he uses in writing his Phonograph Theme (on some subject dear to his heart) containing 299 words (no more).

¶ Some have written expressing disapproval of my Guessing Game, asking for a simpler and more dignified means of admission to the ORDER. Friends, a little Frivolity harms no man. Yet for those who object to ripples and froth on the dark waters of life I open the following three barred Gate by which the serious minded man may enter.

The first Bar is easily taken down. He must be a subscriber to the PHONOGRAM.

The second Bar is likewise easy. A Writing of merit on some Phonograph Theme (containing 299 words—no more) must be contributed; this writing to be of general interest to Members of the ORDER, to other subscribers who are not yet Members and to all other Enthusiasts who have not yet enrolled themselves (each with thirty cents per).

The third Bar of the Gate is as follows. Since the Interchange of Ideas is one of the Purposes of the ORDER,

and as there can be little Interchange between widely separated Members without a Medium to effect said Interchange, the Support of the PHONOGRAM is a necessity. Each Eligible, therefore shall constitute himself a Storm Center for Subscriptions and shall not rest content until he hath gathered together Five Kindred Spirits and hath forwarded their names (each with thirty cents attached) together with his Theme and his own subscription.

The taking down of the above three Bars will open the gate of admittance to the *Order of the Phonogram*. The Decoration and Certificate will be duly forwarded to each new member, his name will be placed on the Roll of Honor and he shall be accorded every Theoretical Advantage bestowable by the Society.

Here, therefore, is the Roll of Honor of the ORDER:

Mr. Openeer.
Cal Stewart.
John Wright, of Hackensack, N. J.
Eugene Lee.
and Herbert A. Shattuck.

And who will be the next?

¶ One has written "Can you recommend me a book on the Life of Edison?" Another has asked me for a history of the Phonograph, more complete than the "Story of the Phonograph" now appearing in short installments in my periodical. Yet others have written for various information of divers nature. In Mr. Openeer's library is one shelf containing what he calls *Edisoniana*. There are books and pamphlets and old magazines on this shelf; and many an hour have I spent pouring over his collection of Talking Machine Literature.

Now Openeer is nothing if not a practical Enthusiast; and for the Mutual Good of the ORDER he proposes to make his collection of *Edisoniana* accessible to its Members. I commend his liberality to the attention of all other Members, both now and to be. The only cost for this privilege is the postage *from* and *back* to him, on whatever books may be chosen, together with a small fee of ten cents on each book. The fees are to accumulate, forming a Fund to be known as the *Openeer Prize*, which will be awarded semi-annually for the best Phonograph Theme appearing in the PHONOGRAM.

Here follows a partial list. Address Mr. Openeer care of the PHONOGRAM stating what book is desired; it will be mailed in due time. A book may be retained *one week only* for the ten cent fee. Additional weeks, ten cents per. Postage on a book must be prepaid when it is returned. Fees are payable when book is sent back, and must include postage one way, to reimburse Mr. Openeer for *his* prepayment of postage when he sends you the book. Please send dimes; enclosing stamps *only* for amounts smaller than ten cents. The average cost of mailing a book or magazine is about five cents.

Life and Inventions of Thomas A. Edison—A. & W. K. L. Dickson.

The Telegraph Boy who became a Great Inventor—E. C. Kenyon.

Edison and his Inventions. J. B. McClure

The Boys' Book of Inventions—(chapter VII) R. J. Baker

The Phonograph and How to Use It—National Phonograph Co., 1900.

A Complete Manual of the Edison Phonograph—Tewksbury, 1897.

A Practical Guide to the use of the Edison Phonograph—Andem, 1892.

The Telephone Microphone and the Phonograph—Du Moncel.

The Electric Telephone. Geo. B. Prescott

Inventors (interesting chapter on Edison).—P. G. Hubert, Jr.

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¶ PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—This issue of the PHONOGRAM being Number Six, completes the first volume. Back Numbers, One, Two, Three, Four and Five are out of print and may be had for a short time of the Publisher for five cents the copy. To the Great Majority of People in the U. S. and Elsewhere, a few bound volumes, Number One are offered, neatly done in stiff buckram covers, and gilt top edges, for sixty cents each. This barely covers the cost of binding and postage. A Special Index of contents will be included in the bound Volume One. Copies of this Special Index furnished free on request, to all subscribers on record this first day of October, nineteen hundred.

¶ Hereafter subscriptions commence with current issue.

Individual photo-drawings of the talent *i. e.* the different artists who sing and play for the Phonograph may be purchased of JOHN WRIGHT, 234 Union Street, Hackensack, N. J. To subscribers of the *Phonogram* these pictures are sent for inspection free of charge. Write for further particulars.

SEP 29 1900

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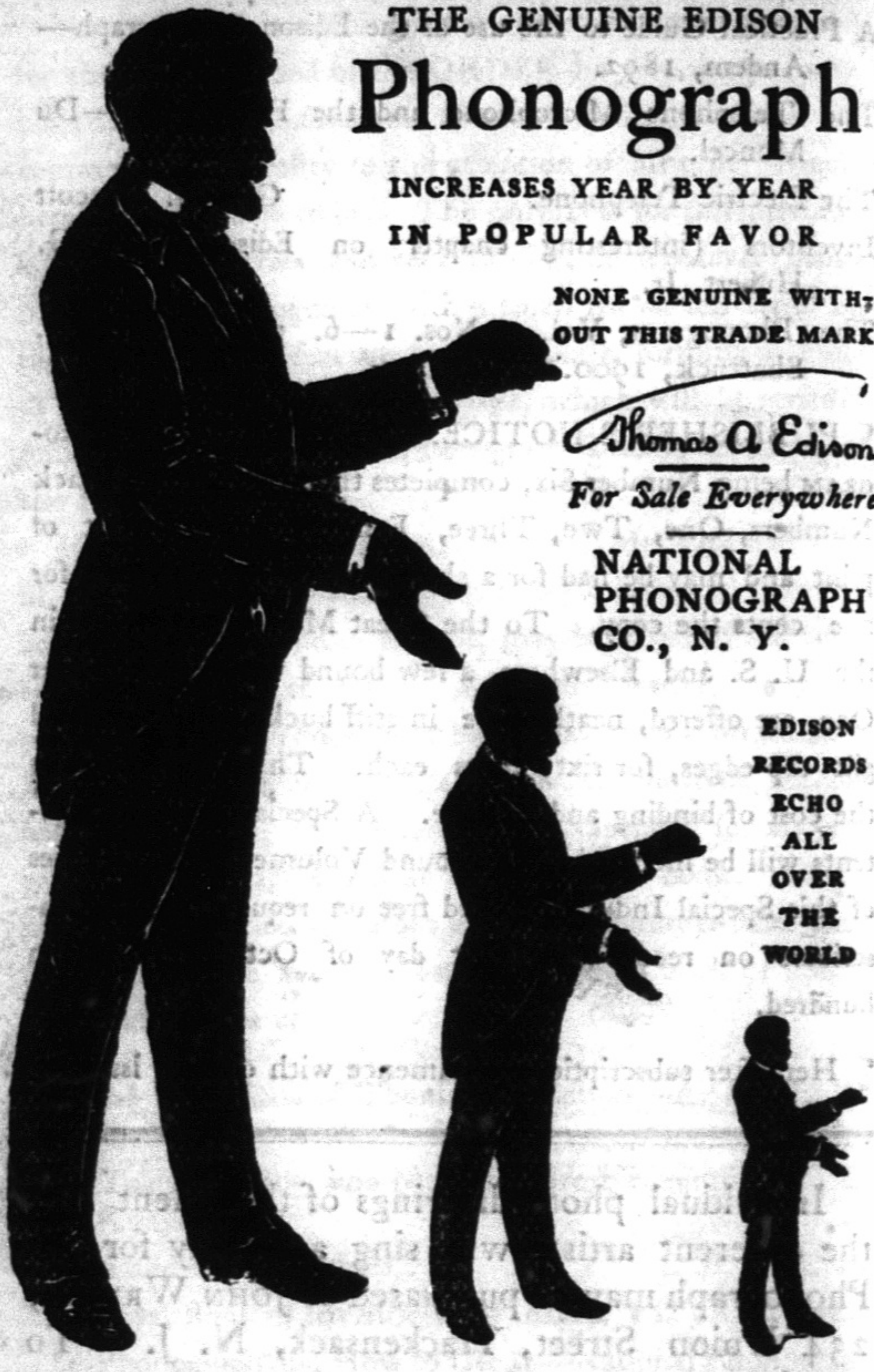

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